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Over postoffice, Klamath Falls, Oregon

**D. V. KUYKENDALL**  
Attorney at Law

Klamath Falls, Oregon

**FOUND ITS SOUL.**

The Story of a Violin That Was Wrecked in a Fire.

After the Lucky Baldwin theater and hotel fire in San Francisco years ago there were nine feet of water in the basement, where the instruments of the orchestra were stored. When a little of it had been pumped out, August Hinrichs, leader of the orchestra, hired a man to swim in and get out his famous Amati violin.

It was wrecked—water soaked, warped, twisted and broken up into sixty-eight pieces. The hot water had soaked out all the old glue, and every piece had fallen away from its neighbor, besides a good many patches of wood put in when repairs had been done. To all appearance the thing was smashed beyond repair.

Nevertheless Herman Muller, a local violin repairer, who knew and loved the old fiddle, took it in hand. Twice he carefully joined the time darkened pieces of wood. Twice he decided that the Amati would not do.

So once more he soaked the sixty-eight bits of wood apart. Then he carefully modeled out of clay an arch such as he remembered that of the old Amati to have had and for nine weeks kept the bits of wood bound to it until they had gained the proper shape.

Once more he put the bits of wood together. Then for five weeks more he patiently varnished and polished the more than 200 year old fiddle until it shone. Then Hinrichs once more drew his bow across the vibrating strings, and the violin spoke. It sang, wept, bubbled with life and joy.

The Amati had found its soul. San Francisco Examiner.

**JOHN AND HIS IDOLS.**

The Chinaman Is Utterly Devoted to Reverence in His Religion.

How the Chinaman regards his idol is told by the Rev. John MacGowan. "The Chinese is a person utterly devoid of reverence, sentiment or devotion to his religion. With him it is a matter either of fear or of business, but mainly the latter. A house is plagued with sickness, which is put down not to bad sanitation or other natural causes, but to the presence of evil spirits. This leads to a visit to the nearest temple to get the idol to drive them away. A new business is going to be commenced, but before doing so it is deemed essential to get the support of the idols. If one idol says it will not succeed another is appealed to for its opinion, and if it is favorable it is at once accepted as the correct one.

"Should the venture turn out a failure no reproach of any kind is uttered against the god whose prediction has been falsified. The man takes the blame upon himself. His character has not been pure, he says, or he was born under an evil star, or he was naturally unlucky and so was bound to fail in anything that he undertook.

"Men never dream of thinking about their idols as we do about God. No affection is shown for them. It is most amusing to watch the faces of the Chinese when you ask them if the idols love them. The eyes gleam, the face broadens into a wide grin, and soon hearty laughter is heard at this most facetious and side splitting joke."—Chicago News.

**A Remarkable Church.**

At Stivichall, near Coventry, England, there is a unique place of worship. In 1810 John Green, a stone-mason of a strongly religious turn of mind, laid the first stone of the edifice, and seven years later he completed the building. In all that time he had assistance from no one, doing all the work with his own hands until the church was ready for its interior fittings. Wooden and even brick buildings erected by one or two men are not uncommon, but this is the only structure in England and probably in the world of which every stone was laid by one man. The building accommodates quite a large congregation, and the church derives a considerable revenue from the contributions of sightseers who are drawn to the place through curiosity.

**The Equinox Storm Fable.**

The United States weather bureau has denied that the coming of the equinox brings with it a storm. The belief, it says, that the old fashioned people put in this theory is all misplaced. Any big storm that happens to occur within a week or two of the time that the sun is crossing the line, say the weather men, is dignified by the name of "equinoctial storm," when, as a matter of fact, there is generally some atmospheric disturbance every week or two, and those that occur about the time of the equinox are just taking their turn and are not the result of the crossing of the sun.

**A Fine Pair.**

"What do you think of the two candidates?" asked one elector of another during a recent contest.

"What do I think of them?" was the reply. "Well, when I look at them I'm thankful only one of them can get in."—London Telegraph

**Through Her Head.**

"Bugsy gets out of all patience with his wife. He says she can't get a thing through her head."

"That's funny. He told me everything he said to her went in one ear and out of the other."

**Hot Water.**

Nyker—Troubled with indigestion, eh? You should drink a cup of hot water every morning. Pyker—I do, but they call it coffee at my boarding house.—London Express.

The collection of coins and medals in the British museum consists of over 150,000 specimens.

**THE SCHEMHL.**

He Is the Poor Fellow Who Always Misses His Chance.

The schemhl is easier to understand than to define. Many years ago a gathering of the wits at the Maccabaeus endeavored to come to a decision as to the real definition of a schemhl. They could not agree as to the origin of the word, and they found it equally hard to define what exactly a schemhl is. The nearest shot, says the Jewish Chronicle of London, was that of Stuart M. Samuel, M. P., who said that he could tell a story that would illustrate exactly what was meant by the term. There was a poor man who could not find anything to do. What he sought employment he could not obtain it. Day after day he sat schemhling on a bench in the public gardens waiting for some one to offer him work, but the offer never came. For a whole year he sat thus each day until at last he attracted the attention of a merchant, who said to himself: "I want some one at my warehouse, and I think I shall offer the job to that poor man who is always sitting so patiently and wisely as though he is looking for employment. Tomorrow I shall speak to him." The morrow came, and the poor man started for his usual walk to his usual seat. As, however, he was leaving his house he said to his wife: "My dear, I have been out like this for a whole year, and nothing has ever come of it. Today I think I shall stay at home." And he did. And he missed the merchant. That is the schemhl.

**A LIFE OF THE ROOFS.**

Gardens Flourish on the Housetops of Florence, Italy.

There still exists in Italian cities a life of the roofs that is distinct and characteristic and of which the mere foreigner and tourist is entirely unaware. Particularly is this the case in Florence. Mount to the top floor of one of those grim, big palaces standing in some gloomy, sunless street, often approached by a stern, forbidding doorway and dark, steep stairs, and you will hold your breath with wonder at the surprise that awaits you, for here before your eyes stretches an unfamiliar city, a red and green city of wide expanse and varying altitudes, a city no less architecturally beautiful than the one you have left below and enlivened, too, most unexpectedly by verdure.

In the very heart of the city, on its topmost apex, there is no trace of grime. The air is pure and wholesome. Indeed, its breezes are charged with no small suggestion of sea and mountain breath. As for the smoke one would expect to find hanging above the roofs of a densely populated city, it is conspicuous by its absence, and only at the hour of meals does some faint blue column rise for the briefest space into the atmosphere.—Helen Zimmern's "A Florentine Roof Garden" in Century.

**Grant the Hero.**

When General Grant was seized with his fatal illness in the autumn of 1884 he appeared before the world in an entirely new character. From being viewed as the stern, uncompromising and conquering military commander, the revelation of his simple resignation in the face of great suffering claimed for him new fame as a hero in another sense. His last battle with the great conqueror destined him for grander laurels than were gained on any of his many triumphant fields. It was the purely human side of his nature that then appealed to the general sympathy of mankind. Thus his last and only surrender was his greatest victory. If it had been otherwise, history would have cheated itself of an example of Christian fortitude the like of which has been seldom recorded.—Dr. G. F. Shady in Century.

**New York Church Choirs.**

"Singing in a New York choir has several advantages, one of which is the long contract," said a soprano. "I sang in churches in four different cities before coming here, and everywhere I was hired from month to month. That is the custom in most churches in other towns. The trustees are afraid to sign a year's contract on account of the hot water they will get into if the choir proves unsatisfactory. Congregations in other cities are very fussy and stubborn in the matter of music. They don't take things as easy as the people do here. The average New York congregation is the most obliging body on earth. Unless a choir is hopelessly bad nobody interferes, so the trustees feel safe in hiring the singers by the year."—New York Sun.

**Scientific Sammy.**

"Sammy," said Mrs. Tucker, who was showing him through the geological department of the museum, "these are called aerolites. They are supposed to be fragments of some planet that has been broken up. They come with in the attraction of our planet and fall to the earth."

"Oh, I know what they are," said Sammy. "They're the ballast the man in the moon has to throw out to keep himself up in the sky."

**Works Both Ways.**

"They bore one, these society calls, don't you know," declared the young lady. "They bore one."

"Sometimes they bore two," responded the young man, taking the hint and likewise his departure.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**That's the Answer.**

"Why is your husband so irritable at home?" inquired the amazed visitor.

"Because he knows it's safe to be," answered the long suffering wife.—St. Louis Republic.

**SENSE IN EXERCISE.**

The Weakness That Comes With Great Muscular Exertion.

It is a curious fact that perfect health is not consistent with high muscular development. Professional athletes and all men who acquire phenomenal strength seem to lose in length of life and activity what they gain for a few years of record breaking powers. I was privileged to see on several occasions Louis Cyr, the Canadian giant, who broke all weight lifting records. He weighed 320 pounds and was all solid bone and muscle. I saw him hold his wife out at arm's length with one hand. I saw him raise a 300 pound barrel from the floor to his shoulder, using only one hand and arm. I saw him get down on all fours under a platform bearing 4,000 pounds of big men selected from the audience, and he raised the platform with his mighty back. Yet this remarkable man was muscle bound and crippled at thirty-seven, when he should have been at the height of his wonderful powers.

Kennedy, the carman, who won a diamond belt for lifting with his hands from the floor absolutely without apparatus a thousand pound weight, was used up and crippled before he was forty. Dowd, professional strong man and teacher of athletics, wore himself out and died at forty-seven.—"Common Sense in Exercise," by Charles H. Cochrane, in Metropolitan Magazine.

**NATURE CURES.**

Medicine Helps, of Course, but Faith Is a Powerful Factor.

There's a truth at the basis of all this discussion of disease and its cure which, despite the fact that it has been apparent for generations, is still too little understood by people in general. In fact, appearances would lead to the belief that it is not appreciated by all physicians. It is the truth that not the medicine, but nature, cures the ill. The most that medicine can do is to place the patient in a condition most favorable for the work of nature. Here comes in the value of this element of faith. It is the best possible help to nature—the firm belief that you'll get well. It may well take the place of many drugs. It may in instances displace the need of the physician. Even the surgeon can do no more. He simply cuts away debris, puts the body in the best trim he knows how, adjusts merely mechanical breaks or displacements and waits for nature to do the rest. The physician who pours in an inordinate amount of drugs thinks he is assisting nature. As a matter of fact, he is sometimes impeding her. The best physicians, in all except extreme cases, use few medicines, and those as mild as possible.—New Haven Register.

**On Heaven.**

"If I could be out of physical pain," said a lifelong invalid, "I would ask no other heaven." "If I could be in a place where I might know that my husband never could be killed on the train?" cried one of the gentle "worriers" whose capacity for suffering is neither understood nor respected by the sanguine. "If I could take my children to a world where every time I hear a croupy cough my heart did not stand still with terror," urged another. "That would be heaven for me." The mulatto girl who burst into joyful tears at first sight of a marble bust of herself "because it was white" had a glimpse of her heaven before its time.

"Heaven must be like any other form of happiness, only 'more so,'" said a thoughtful man. "And the conditions of happiness are three—a clean conscience, something to do and some one to love."—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in Harper's Bazar.

**They Go Together.**

"Henry," said the young wife, who had taken up physical culture, "how do you think I am built?"

"My dear," replied her husband fondly, "you are built like a watch."

"Thank you, Henry. And, Henry?"

"Well."

"If I am built like a watch, don't you think I should have a few jewels?"

And then Henry frowned and said the man who compliments a woman is an idiot.

**A Force Proportioned to Its Frame.**

The war of 1812 has proved that our free government, like other free governments, though slow in its early movements, requires in its progress a force proportioned to its frame and that the Union of these states, the guardian of the freedom and the safety of all and of each, is strengthened by every occasion that puts it to the test.—James Madison.

**Not in Her Class.**

Mrs. Spenders—I wonder how you'd like it if I ever got "new womanish" and insisted upon wearing men's clothes. Mr. Spenders—Oh, I haven't any fear of you ever doing that. Men's clothes are never very expensive.—London Opinion.

**Good at Keeping.**

"And you call yourself honest, do you?"

"Sir, I keep the commandments."

"That must be because you've got an idea that they belong to somebody else."—Cleveland Leader.

**Resented.**

"And how did you come to marry him?"

"I didn't come to marry him," answered the womanly little woman indignantly; "he came to marry me."

First the thick cloud and then the rainbow's arc.—Bonar.

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Fresh and Cured Meats and Sausages of all kinds. We handle our meats in the most modern way in cleanliness and surroundings. Try us and we will be most happy to have you for a customer. Free Delivery.

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When blocks in Mills Addition were offered at bargain prices a number of shrewd investors bought; since that time values have increased materially.

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**CAPT. O. C. APPLIGATE** Office on Fifth Street  
**FRANK WARD**  
**Land Salesmen.**

**Notice For Publication**

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, June 20 1908. Notice is hereby given that Asa Fordyce, of Ft. Klamath, Oregon, who, on August 24, 1901, made homestead entry, No. 2433, for Lots 11, 12 and 13, Section 4, Township 33 N., Range 7 E., Will. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final five year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before County Clerk, Klamath County, at his office, at Klamath Falls, Oregon, on the 1st day of August, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses: James Gordon, E. M. Lever, H. J. Savidge and Chas. Martin, all of Ft. Klamath, Oregon.

J. N. WATSON, Register.

**Notice For Publication**

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, June 18, 1908. Notice is hereby given that Herbert J. Savidge, of Ft. Klamath, Oregon, who, on September 25, 1902, made homestead, No. 2773, for SW 1/4, Section 30, Township 32 S., Range 7 E., Will. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final five year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before County Clerk, Klamath Co., at his office, at Klamath Falls, Oregon, on the 1st day of August, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses: Christ Weis, Ed Leever, Charlie Martin and James Emery, all of Ft. Klamath, Oregon.

J. N. WATSON, Register.

**SUMMONS**

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Klamath, Berta R. Conner, Plaintiff  
vs  
Daniel R. Conner, Defendant.)

To Daniel R. Conner the above named defendant: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit on or before the 23 day of July 1908, being the last day of the time in the order of the publication of this summons, the first publication thereof being on the 11 day of June 1908; and if you fail so to appear and answer, for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in the complaint herein to wit: For a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant; for the care and custody of Lorene J. Conner and the costs and disbursements of this suit; and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem just and equitable.

This summons is served by publication thereof in the Evening Herald by order of the Honorable J. B. Griffith County Judge of Klamath County, Oregon, made, dated and filed in this suit at Klamath Falls, Oregon, on the 11 of June 1908. Which said order is required that summons in this suit be published once a week, for a period of six successive and consecutive weeks from the 11 of June 1908.

H. W. KERRAN,  
Attorney for Plaintiff.

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